123 rancheria of about ten or fifteen huts, half tumbled down, all facing
361 the sea and surrounded by turtle shells and deer bones, and sea shells. Things were dropped wherever they ate. This rancheria was deserted also.

We set sail again and landed on a sandy beach near another deserted rancheria called *Palo Fierro*. We hauled the boat way up and took out all our things and carried them up to the huts. In this place there were twenty-one huts---sometimes three built together. Many of them were in a good state of preservation. They were all in a long row with bleaching bones and turtle shells on all sides. From the inside of one hut I counted thirteen turtle shells around the base. There must have been about a hundred turtle shells here, and a few land tortoises.

123 There were two or three fragments of painted parts of a boat---
[649] probably remains of a boat belonging to seven fishermen who got drunk and landed here, and were all killed by the Seris two years ago. Six months ago a single Seri was captured by some Mexican fishermen and killed in reprisal.

As the wind increased it kicked up an ugly sea and we decided to camp over night. As we were reduced to about six gallons of water, Roberto suggested we take two empty five-gallon cans and go for water. I had offered to stay with the boat but was told the Seris would kill me if they found me alone.

[312] A Seri had told Roberto to follow a certain trail from the rancheria and go between the mountains and he would find a *pozo*, or well, not far away. Ricardo left his private sign and the five of us marched away, following a well-worn trail. For the full distance broken shards of ollas lined the trail at short distances, so we knew we were on
137 the right trail. Brush began at the sea shore and we passed various
123 kinds of desert vegetation---several kinds of cactus, especially the *zarbuseo*. This starts with a single great trunk two or three feet in diameter, and then branches out like a vase, running up fifteen to twenty or more great columns like the *saguaro*. They were thirty or forty feet high. In some of these were piled a great accumulation of sticks and trash ten feet high or more, and on the top where the sea eagle makes its nest. There were a number of these.

Then we came to the *pitahalla*, *cholla*, *ocotillo*, and others, and the strange *torote* tree. This tree is the *Bursura Microphylla*, and has an odor like turpentine. It is a fat, dropsical tree like stuffed sausage, with crooked ungainly branches coming out at all angles. There are three varieties---the *torote colorado*, *blanco*, and *negro*, according to the color of the cut bark. Another strange tree was the *palo blanco*. Then there was the *palo verde*, *palo fierro* and *mesquite*. The *mesquite* was rare.

123 A number of signs were marked in the sand. We could not translate
[312] them. We walked single file, rifles in hand, and revolvers handy.

[text continues on p. 155]